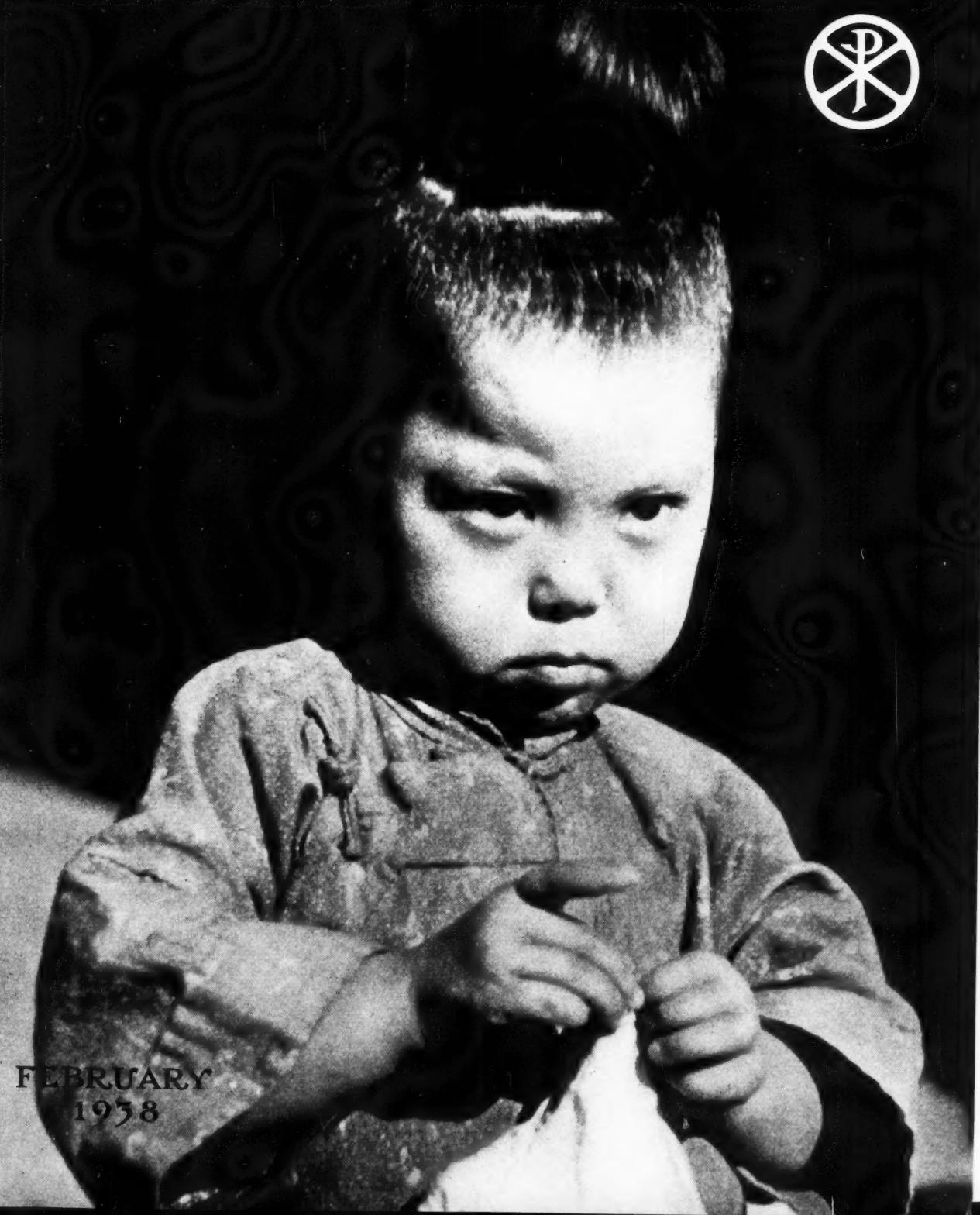


THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



FEBRUARY
1938

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Schools for Boys—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys, West Chester, Pa.

Colleges and Academies for Girls—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College, 4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Md.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College,
 Meramec St. & Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, N. Y. C.
Marymount College & School,
 Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy, Milford, Conn.
Junior College and Academy of the Immaculate
 Conception, Oldenburg, Indiana
Notre Dame of Maryland High School, Baltimore, Md.
Marycliff Academy, Arlington Heights, Mass.
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart, Fall River, Mass.
Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,
 5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,
 226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Bréntwood, N. Y.
St. Clare's School,
 Hastings-on-Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,
 630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,
 Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Mater Misericordiae Academy, Merion (Phila.), Pa.
Villa Maria Convent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy, West Palm Beach, Fla.

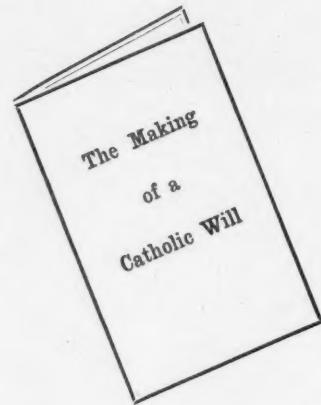
Schools of Nursing—

St. Camillus School of Training,
 Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of Nursing,
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Maryknoll P. O., Maryknoll, N. Y.

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ADDRESS.....

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who care for and nurse male patients, both in hospitals and in
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to this noble work, will please apply to the
Novice-master, Brothers of Mercy, 49 Cottage St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARYKNOLL

An American foundation for foreign missions which includes two distinct Societies, one for priests and Brothers, and one for Sisters.

The Maryknoll Fathers

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America Inc. (legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, and to assist them in their labors in the mission fields assigned to the Society by the Holy See, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Central Administration and Major Seminary, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y., near Ossining, N.Y.

Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford P.O., Mass.

Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna.

Maryknoll Preparatory College, Mt. Washington Sta., Cincinnati, O.

Maryknoll Preparatory College, Mountain View P.O., Calif.

San Francisco, Calif., at 1492 McAllister St., corner of Scott.

Los Angeles, Calif., at 1220 South Alvarado St.

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Seattle, Wash., at 1603 E. Jefferson St.

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Detroit, Mich., at 2979 Blaine Ave.

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House of Study in Rome, Italy, at via Sardegna, 83.

Stanley, Hong Kong, China, Maryknoll House.

MISSIONS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—*The Magazine of Maryknoll*

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Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1.00 becomes a MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATE for one year and in addition to receiving THE FIELD AFAR, is a member of the Society, sharing in 11,000 Masses yearly and in the labors, sacrifices and privations of the missionaries.

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NEW MARYKNOLL PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

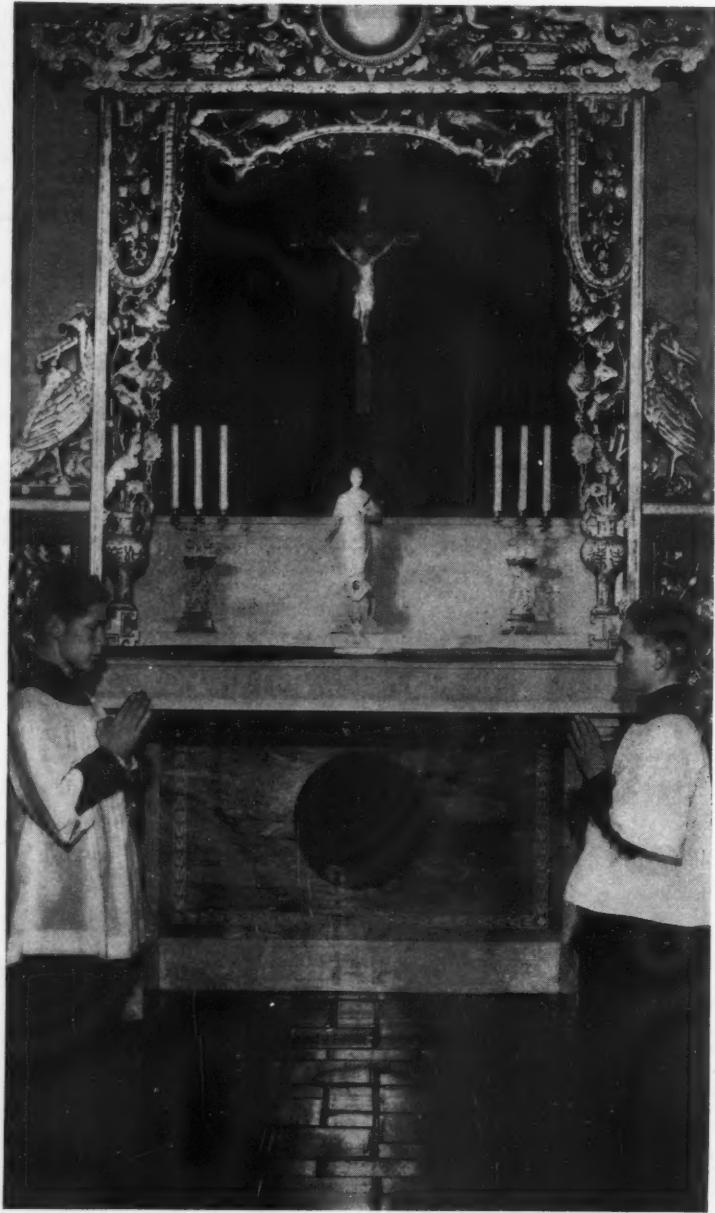
Living: Reverend Friends, 7; M. H. & Relatives; J. J. McK. & Relatives; K. G. & Relatives; B. W.; I. C. & Relatives; K. K. & Relatives; A. M. W.; M. T. R. & Relatives; McG. Family; Mrs. C. R. B. & Relatives; M. E. N.; J. T. W.; Mrs. I. D. K., Jr.; Mrs. J. M. & Relatives; A. F. M. & Relatives; T. B. N. & Relatives; M. Z. & Relatives; W. & H. W.; J. M. K. & Relatives; Mrs. F. N. & Relatives; M. J. C. & Relatives; Mrs. G. S. & Relatives; M. T. & Relatives; J. W.; J. R.; M. L. B. & Family; P. C. F. & Family; F. M. & Relatives; M. A. McG. & Relatives; L. J. & Relatives; J. C. & Relatives; M. V. H. & Relatives; J. K. S. & Relatives; Mrs. B. J. C. & Relatives; H. J. McG. & Relatives; D. H. O'N. & Relatives; Mrs. W. H. & Relatives; G. H. & Relatives; A. G. & Relatives; J. M. & Relatives; O. R. & Relatives; E. F. N. & Relatives; N. O'N. & Relatives; A. C. C.; Mr. & Mrs. S. L.; Mrs. W. A. & Relatives.

RECENTLY DECEASED MARYKNOLL ASSOCIATES

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Deceased: Reverend Friend, 1; H. Murnane; J. M. Flanagan; J. Costello; C. Hudd; W. Redner; H. McCafferty; C. & J. Frebes; H. Retzek.

Maryknoll Perpetual Associates share in 11,000 Masses annually and in the prayers and works of all Maryknollers. Payments of two dollars may be sent each month until the fifty dollar offering has been completed.



Honor to Blessed Theophane

Blessed Théophane Vénard is an attractive missionary figure who was martyred in Tongking, Indo-China, in 1861. He is the object of special devotion in all Maryknoll houses. The photo shows his relic exposed on his feast day, February 2, at Maryknoll Preparatory College, Mountain View, California.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

February, 1938

Little Lotus—A Tale of Mud Cakes

By Little Lotus herself with
Brother Peter as "ghost writer." Brother Peter knows Lit-
tle Lotus in Manchukuo.



Y honorable father never let me know that a boy baby would have been more welcome. He acted very happy to see me when I came. He gave me the pretty name, *Little Lotus*. That was most kind. I am a girl. All fathers here hope for sons; some name their girl babies *Hwan Hsiao Tze*, meaning *Call a Son*. With that name the little girls know always that they were never really wanted. I love my honorable father. He wants me. He has been kind to me always, and when together we are happy.

When it was time for me to begin school, two years ago, my honorable father had a sad heart. He said we had no hope. Although he worked hard and long each day, we were too poor. Elder Brother's school tuition for the year before was still owed. My honorable father would have more debts if his *Little Lotus* went to school. A learned teacher, brushes and ink, cost money. My honorable father had none. I tried to look glad although I wanted to go to school and learn like Elder Brother.

One day, Elder Brother and I passed by the foot bridge over the Stream of Ten Thousand Ripples. Near the brick kiln we met playmates forming images out of mud. Elder Brother is skillful at that. He joined in, and I sat and



My honorable father gave me the pretty name, *Little Lotus*.

watched.

"Pray And Work For Conversions"

EDUCATE the vast army of Catholic children in the message of the Immaculate Conception, train them in practices and habits of continually praying and sacrificing themselves to aid the countless millions now perishing eternally, and we shall soon have an apostolic nation that will send out missionaries to the whole world." — Father Price.

A foreigner, passing by, stopped to have a *look see* and said something. I was puzzled, hearing a foreigner's voice for the first time. So was *Plum Blossom*, my playmate's small sister. But my playmate and the man laughed. The foreigner came close to see better, and I saw his eyes were big and blue and his hair was not black like ours. Strangely, he could see with those blue eyes. I thought only the eyes of the blind were

PRAY AND WORK FOR CONVERSIONS.

blue.

Then the foreigner talked more laugh talk. Taking a tiny mud ball from the plate in front of one of the images, he asked: "Good eating, not good eating?"

We all laughed. It was so amusing, so big a person asking that.

Then he took in his hand the mud block that Elder Brother had just formed. I said, "Teacher, that one is good eating, very sweet."

Everybody laughed. But he fooled me. I was surprised. He offered it to me to eat.

Then the foreigner talked good talk about the skill of Elder Brother and my playmate. He asked our names and ages. My playmate is



Above: The foreigner (Brother Benedict) took one of the tiny mud balls and asked: "Good eating, not good eating?"

Left: *Plum Blossom*, my playmate's small sister, was puzzled hearing a foreigner's voice. But my playmate laughed and her younger brother smiled.



Hwan Tsiao Tze, but she was too shy to say it. She hung her head and made designs in the dirt with her foot. She was ashamed to tell the foreigner that her honorable father had named her *Call a Son*. I was a little proud when I said, "My humble surname is Ting, and my small name is *Little Lotus*."

Suddenly, the foreigner said, "See again." We said, "See again," and he walked away. I wished he had stayed longer to play and fool with us.

Elder Brother and I followed him a short distance. *Fragrant Cloud* was playing at cooking in front of the brickmaker's. The foreigner stopped, bowed, and asked if she would give him rice. *Fragrant Cloud* was frightened by the foreigner's strange face and blue eyes. She began to cry so he walked away quickly. Elder Brother and I talked to *Fragrant Cloud*. "No need to cry," we said. The foreigner wanted to play with her, not frighten her.

For many moons I did not see

JESUS SAID: "SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN, AND FORBID THEM



Left: We said:
"See again!"
and the for-
eigner walked
away.

Below: Elder
Brother was
skillful at form-
ing images. I
watched.

the foreigner, but I heard much about the place where he lives. It is called the *Tien Chu T'ang*. People who are very poor and have no money for the day's rice go there and beg food. The sick go there too, and get medicine for their *ping* (sickness) even when they are unable to pay for it. The foreigner also has a school where poor children study and do not have to pay. When I heard of that, I ran to tell my honorable father. I thought surely he would be happy and allow me to study there. But he said it was better not to have dealings with foreigners, and that the way of our ancestors was superior.

For days I was unhappy. This saddened my honorable father, although I did not mean it to. Then one day, he placed his hand on my head and said: "You can go to school, my daughter." There was real joy for both of us that day.

I went to school, and each day, after school, I would tell my honorable father all that I had learned.

But one subject my honorable father did not know. That was the Doctrine. He was not pleased when he heard it at first, but he did not object to my studying it. He had given his consent and knew I must study the Doctrine along with my other lessons. I studied the Doctrine most diligently at school so that I could explain it to my honorable father during home study.

Gradually, my honorable father changed. He began to talk good talk about the way that is traveled loving God and each other. And when the *Shen Fu* (Spiritual Father) came during the big snow and brought the Sacrament for our Christian neighbor Yao, who was dying, my honorable father saw and was pleased. He said that only something from God could make a poor man's death such a happy one. He wished to die as did our neighbor Yao.

My honorable father visited the *Shen Fu* next day and made arrangements to study the Doctrine. It seemed a long delay, but finally on Our Blessed Mother's Assumption Feast we received for our souls the washing waters of Baptism. Being *Little Lotus*, I chose the *Little Flower* for my patron; my saint name is *Te-la-sa*.



NOT TO COME TO ME: FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS FOR SUCH."

Christ's Pardon In Peng Yang

Mary Magdalens in the metropolis of northern Korea, victims of paganism's avarice, become fervent members of the Peng Yang parish, says Father Joseph Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass., Peng Yang's pastor.



NCE a penitent said to me: "After many years of sinful living, I was brought back to God's grace by hearing a sermon on Christ's pardon of Peter." Powerful as this incident is in Christ's life, I venture to say that far more sinners have been encouraged to virtuous living by the story of Mary Magdalen.

One day here in Peng Yang, I heard a woman in the reception room of my house—where books of doctrine are always on hand—explaining to her pagan neighbor the picture of Christ's tender pardon of Magdalen. Unnoticed by the narrator, I listened with attention for I recognized the voice of a woman recently baptized, who herself had lived a public life like Mary of Magdala. The Catholic Church in Peng Yang can count among its fervent Christians several former Magdalens; and if it is true that the original Magdalen was accomplished and commanding, then the likeness is all the more striking between Mary Magdalen and her Korean counterparts.

In the days of the former Empire, as well as at present, public entertainers and dancers were given most exacting training in the social arts. So that, although one might expect to find women who have led a public life dissipated and coarse, on the contrary the Magdalens of our community are, after a fashion, cultured in speech and bearing.

These women did not select their careers for themselves, but were forced by avaricious parents who planned to live in ease on the ill-gotten wages of their daughters, a crime which is looked upon



Love which was wasted on a selfish world is now lavished on the Eucharistic Lover.

with righteous indignation even by moral-minded pagans. When these

women learn that there is One who will not only not despise them but love them with a disinterested love, their hearts expand with yearning and gratitude as did the heart of Magdalen at the feet of Jesus in the home of Simon, the Pharisee. "Wherefore I say to thee: Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much."

Our Magdalens have brought into their daily lives a remarkable fervor and a spirit of sacrifice. For instance, the wheat which provides the altar hosts, the wax for the candles, and the oil for the sanctuary lamp, are the yearly offerings of a former Magdalen. She cannot stoop down and wash the feet of her Savior with her tears, but she can reverently care for her Lord in His earthly tabernacle. She has willed to the Church her entire fortune—not an inconsiderable gift. Another gave generously towards the erection of the parish school and is now providing an excellent training for the orphaned children of a deceased sister. Love which was wasted on a selfish world is now lavished on the Eucharistic Lover, and only very severe weather keeps these Magdalens from daily presence at the altar rail.

Since it is our duty to do preventive as well as reformatory work we hope to establish Industrial Schools in the larger centers. These schools will give young women a chance to earn an honest living. At present, one such school, under the supervision of the Maryknoll Sisters, is helping some seventy or more girls to make a respectable living. In this way, we may hope to turn away from sinful occupations many innocent young women who flock to the cities to seek a livelihood.

A Valentine Day Telegram

If you are interested in sending one, see page 57.

Presto—Changeo! English Becomes Japanese

Can you take shorthand in English and then write a Japanese letter on a 3,500 character Japanese typewriter? This happens at Maryknoll in Los Angeles.



HERE are many Japanese typists in Los Angeles—some of them graduates of the Maryknoll School—but Sister Mary Susanna, a Japanese Sister, is believed to be the only one who types in both English and Japanese. Her greatest achievement is to transcribe and type on a Japanese typewriter a letter which has been dictated in English and recorded in shorthand.

The Japanese typewriter is a complicated machine, the invention of an unknown Japanese who evolved the intricate mechanism after years of experimentation. There are more than 3,500 separate ideographs on this typewriter. The 3,500 pieces of metal

type fit into pigeonholes, and a mechanical arm lifts each one to impress it on the paper. This machine besides being of use for ordinary typing may also be used in cutting stencils for the mimeograph machine. Sister Susanna finds her typewriter an invaluable aid in sending out letters to the parents of pupils, in typing reports, and in making out records in Japanese.

Sister Mary Susanna was born in Hakodate, Japan, and received her education from the French Sisters of St. Maur. She came to the United States in 1924 and joined the Maryknoll Sisters.

Sister Mary Susanna operating her 3,500 character Japanese typewriter.

Shortly after her Profession, Sister Mary Susanna was assigned to Los Angeles where she has since been working among her own people at the Maryknoll Japanese Mission.

Typing in Japanese is not Sister Susanna's only work. She conducts classes in Japanese at St. Francis Xavier School and engages in social activities which bring her in daily contact with all classes of Japanese, including the poor and sick who are isolated in county institutions. Sister Susanna is tireless in contriving ways and means of approaching and converting her countrymen in Los Angeles. Through her influence, Maryknollers have been able to reach many souls whom otherwise they would have been unable to contact.



PAUL, "REJOICE IN THE LORD ALWAYS; AGAIN, I SAY, REJOICE."—Theophane Venard.



THE Maryknoll Fathers who are at Karasaki were so kind as to invite us on a picnic. On the eve, when *Ma Mère* told us about it, we jumped for joy and could not think of anything else the rest of the day.

Ma Mère and three Sisters came with us in two busses. The roads were large and the scenery beautiful. Indeed after a few minutes we were at Karasaki. We saw a number of Fathers dressed in white, standing by the door and waiting for us. I felt rather bashful to go up to them, but the very instant we met



these feelings were gone. Such hearty greetings and loving ways they had. So fatherly indeed that it made us feel at ease, and we talked and played with them as if we had known them always. All those Fathers amid the children really made me think of Jesus while He was on earth.

At noon, we all gathered under the trees in a shaded spot where the Fa-

thers had placed a few tables and benches for us and chairs for the Sisters. There we had our lunch.

The Fathers made us do some sports. They divided us into three groups: the big girls, the middle ones, and the small ones. Those good Fathers had also prepared prizes for the races.

Now came the time of leaving. Our hearts sank low for we were sorry to leave this place which seemed to be like a paradise. Before leaving, the Fathers again gave us each a bag full of cakes, and they accompanied us to the busses.

We shall be faithful in offering up prayers and sacrifices for the Maryknoll Fathers so that they may succeed in all their undertakings. And we hope that we may thus prove our gratefulness towards them.

Top: Father Mackesy with some of the children.

Above: The Sisters and the Maryknoll Fathers with the entire group of picnickers.

Left: One of the little tots receiving her prize from Reverend Mother while two Japanese Sisters look on (Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus of Chauvailles).



"Whynne"

"A horse you take to, except for crossing streams," says Father Kupfer of Flushing, L. I., N. Y., who seems to enjoy even this idiosyncrasy of his trusty steed. Father Kupfer is in the Prefecture of Wuchow.



It would be a long story, indeed, if I were to write about China—the people, the country, or even the missions—so I'll content myself (but perhaps not ye honorable Editor—or FIELD AFAR readers) with writing a few words about "Whynne."

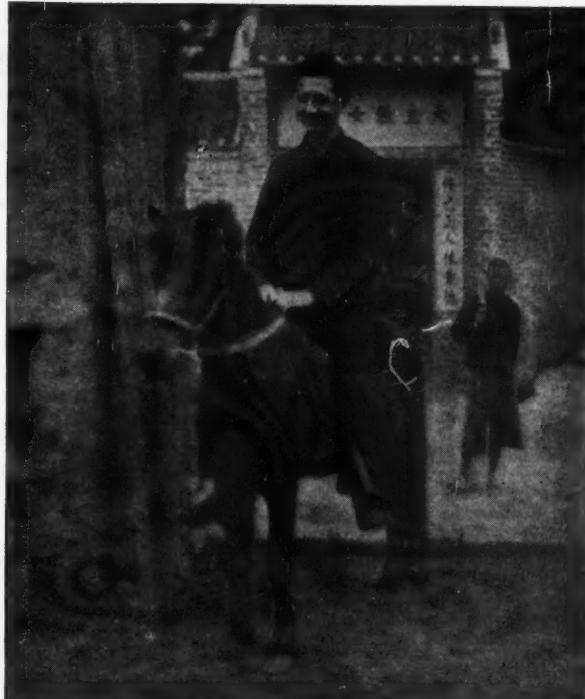
"Whynne" has four legs, two ears, a tail—ah, you have guessed right. He is a horse. But you have no particular reason for certainty on that point, since he has been called many other things in addition.

One year ago, at Chinese New Year, I traveled three days over the precipitous Yau mountains to a mission of the French Fathers. That trip has become an historical event, since on that occasion I made the acquaintance of "Whynne."

At that time, "Whynne" was plump and healthy, although evidently getting along in years. He wanted to bite and kick at our first meeting just to prove that he wasn't as old as he looked. Anyway, to make a long story short, I needed a horse for travel to my mission stations, and the complimentary distinction of first and only choice fell on "Whynne."

When I tried to bridle my beautiful steed I felt somewhat like Bellerophon as he watched his opportunity to clasp the golden bit of the enchanted bridle between Pegasus' teeth. Such capers as that wild creature cut! However, once I succeeded in bridling "Whynne" I seemed to have won his love. The Yau mountains became as Helicon to my noble steed; I hardly know whether to call his racing a gallop or a flight. "Whynne" seemed ill suited for his name. Verily, it should have been Pegasus after the famed winged horse of Greek mythology.

Father Kupfer
in the saddle.



But "Whynne" has one oddity. There is nothing better suited to his taste than to lie down, rider and all, in midstream. An awkward habit this, as I have found countless times. But these famous steeds seem all to claim an idiosyncrasy of some sort. Sure thing, Pegasus had enough, including a fanciful taste for flying through the sky at a thousand miles a minute, and quenching his thirst with water from his favorite fountain of Pirene.

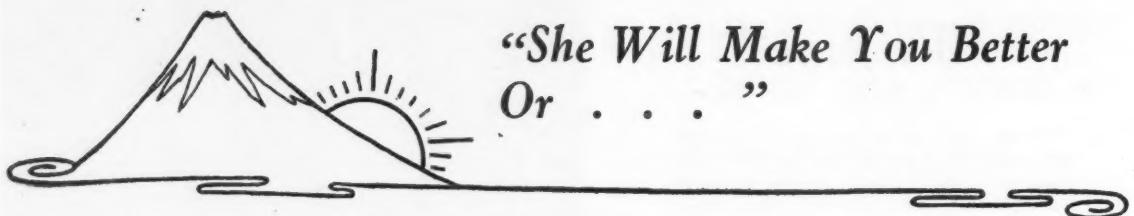
Father Donovan

ANOTHER month has passed, and we are still without good news regarding our captive Maryknoller, Father Gerard Donovan of Pittsburgh, Penna., kidnapped at Fushun in Manchukuo last October 5. He is now a prisoner over three months. Frequent reports are received from the Government authorities but thus far they give us no hope of an early release. We are trusting to Father Gerard's buoyant disposition to carry him through the Manchu winter.

Last winter "Whynne" got the colic. I was much distressed and sent for a Chinese doctor. He blew some powdered medicine up the horse's nose and cut tongue and hoofs. The treatment looked like a lot of superstition to me, but it worked. In two days, "Whynne" was daintily chewing bits of green grass again.

And now there is another development. "Whynne" has a hump on his spine. It makes him resemble a camel, somewhat. I have invested in a bulky Western saddle which does not rub the hump, but covers it and makes "Whynne" look like *class*.

"Whynne" goes to the country with me on all my mission trips. I'm out to conquer paganism and save the people in this district from the clutches of him whom we call "the Old Boy." "Whynne" seems to have caught the spirit of this great adventure and goes at it with all the courage and zest with which Pegasus himself bore Bellerophon in his historic charge on the monster, Chimera. We probably don't encounter as much smoke and brimstone as they, but our charge is as courageous, and we hope it shall be as successful.



OULDNT we play the sitting-down game, now?" gasped Sakura.

At the suggestion, her little companions, who were almost as tired as she, agreeably threw themselves on the soft green turf banking the beauty-famed Lake Biwa.

"Who's turn is it to tell the story today?" asked the tallest in the group, a lad of eight, fair-haired and blue-eyed.

"You begin, and then let me have my turn next."

The innocent prattle of these little folk continued until the shadows began to deepen. Then gradually, one by one, they wandered off to their respective homes for the evening meal, until only the fair-haired boy and Sakura remained.

The friendship between these two had developed quickly when the lad discovered that Sakura understood English fairly well. The American boy in his turn had learned sufficient Japanese from the youngsters to be companionable with them.

"Sakura, why don't you ever tell the story about the Lady when the others are here?"

"Because, Desdar (this was her pet name for him), they might laugh at it."

"Will you tell it to me again?"

"All right; where shall I begin?"

"Where the man with the long black coat is walking along the lake."

"It wasn't black, but it was much darker than the grass. He seemed very high up, but his face was looking down, and he wore glasses. And he carried a long string of beans that were on a chain. His fingers kept moving along them all the time. That's how I happened to notice his finger, this one (pointing to the fourth finger of her left hand). It had something on it, like a ring, 'cept it was made of leather."

"But what did he say?"

"She Will Make You Better Or . . . "

Father Price, Maryknoll's co-founder, was assigned in 1918 to pilot Maryknoll's first mission band to China. In order to consult with experienced missionaries about methods, he included in his itinerary a trip through Japan, Korea and northern China. This story by Paul Roberts is based on Father Price's visit to Japan, but the story itself is fiction.

"I forgot how he began, but soon he was telling me all about the Lady."

"Did he know this Lady?"

"Of course, he did! He had been to see her."

"Where does she live?"

"On the other side of the world, in France."

"And what does she do all the time?"

"She makes sick people better—right away too, without taking medicine; and, Desdar, if ever I get sick, I'm going right over there, and I know she'll cure me, or—"

"Or what?" from the suspicious American.

"Don't you know?" was the tantalizing rejoinder.

"No! And if you won't tell me, I'm going home."

"Sayonara, Desdar!"

"Bye, Sakura! See you tomorrow."

Even before the story-telling began the next evening, Desdar drew Sakura a little apart from the others.

"Sakura, I have something to tell you."

"Something nice, Desdar?"

"No, it's horrid. Sakura, Daddy's business firm in America has called him home. We have to go next week, and I won't be able to play here any more."

The last evening came.

"Desdar, I have something for you."

Opening her clenched hand, Sakura displayed a round flat piece of metal.

"What is it?"

"The 'holy man' gave it to me. See, it is Our Lady of Lourdes with a little girl like me. You have pockets—will you carry it with you, all the time? . . . And, Desdar, if ever you get sick, or hurt, will you go to see her?"

"Why?"—thinking to startle the secret from her.

"Because she will make you better, or—"

And with that, the little minx danced off, lest Desdar mistake a filmy mist for tears.

On the morning of February 11, 1937, as Roy Jarrett mingled with the crowds surrounding a statue of a Lady, grotto-enshrined, he began to regret the mad impulse that had driven him, the agnostic, to this renowned place of worship. He could not account for it. The previous night he had boarded the train at Paris with the intention of going straight through to Madrid, to take up his post as foreign correspondent to a New York newspaper, reporting on the Civil War in Spain. While conversing with a few English gentlemen on the train, he learned that they were pilgrimage-bound to Lourdes. At that moment—his hand in his pocket—he happened to finger a medal that he had carried with him since childhood. Simultaneously came the resolve to hop off at Lourdes with these pilgrims.

Standing a little apart from the crowd, Roy beheld hundreds of people, of all nationalities, all ages; the sick, the well, the maimed, the blind, all united in silent homage before the Lady. He sat down and stared.

After awhile, he stood up abruptly. What nonsense was this? He would be off at once, without wasting more time.

He would take just a look at the Piscine Baths, since he was here and never would be again.

"Are there any particularly interesting cases? How about this one here?" glancing towards a near-by litter.

"Nothing very unusual—just another victim of tuberculosis. Her attendants marvel that she survived the long trip from Japan."

"How did she ever hear about this place, away over there?"

"Some missionaries who were passing through on their way to Korea visited the hospital where she was. The priests discovered that by some strange coincidence the girl had heard about Our Lady of Lourdes when she was a child. The only thing she could recall about her 'informer' was that he wore a leather ring on his fourth left finger; but that was enough to identify him as the co-founder of their order, who had made a tour of northern China and Japan during his first and only year in the Orient, just before his death. To get back to the story, one of the priests delayed his Korean trip long enough to instruct and baptize the girl. She is sure that Our Lady will make her better."

"Has she taken the baths?"

"Yes, every day for nine days. But now, she is placing all her hope in the Blessing of the Sick."

For some reason, the story affected Roy, recalling as it did the happy days at Lake Biwa, and the promise he had made to a little girl, that if ever he got sick he would come to Lourdes, because Our Lady would cure him, or... True, he was not sick, physically; yet, he was soul-sick. Lourdes had brought to him that realization, at least.

Did the kind-hearted Frenchman guess what was passing through Roy's mind? Perhaps, for although he knew it was contrary to custom, he asked:

"Would you like to help carry her for the Blessing? You may take my end of the litter."

Roy's look of deep gratitude repaid him.

A hushed silence gave warning that the Blessed Sacrament was approaching. The priest moved slowly from one stretcher to another. In another moment, he raised the Monstrance making the Sign of the Cross over the Japanese

girl. At that moment, Roy fell on his knees, making his first act of faith.

"My God, I believe."

The priest moved on. Roy picked up his end of the litter. Turning to the invalid on the stretcher, he saw that the miracle she had prayed for with a faith almost beyond comprehension, had been denied her.

"I am so sorry," he said simply.

"Oh, don't feel sorry. It's all right, . . . Desdar."

"Sakura," falling on his knees beside her, "is it really you? But you said she would make you better, or—or what?" Was his new-found gift to be

tested so soon? "Or what, Sakura?"

The old mischievous smile twinkled for just a second in her eyes, before she answered:

"Or—give you something you want even more."

"But surely there is nothing you want more than your health, is there?" Even as he asked he knew the answer.

"Yes, souls for Our Lady's Son." Her voice had grown very weak. It was with a great effort that she gasped, "Sayonara, Desdar."

"Bye, Sakura."

She had not far to go—Lourdes is only a step or two from Heaven.



"Desdar, I have something for you."

ONE BUYS HEAVEN.—*Theophane Venard.*



THE man with the fantastic assortment of brushes has become a part of the American scene. In China his kin is not so numerous, but the brush man is to be found, his brushes always a source of curiosity to the small folk along the way.

The Chinese may not be as dust-conscious as many of our prim housewives,



China's Fuller Brush Men

A few words on the gentlemen from a South China Knoller.

but there is a great deal of brushing done among China's four hundred millions. Most of the brush men whom we see in South China come from the Yangtze Valley and journey great distances with their stock. They are in the class of the little business man who picks up pennies at wayside counters. They are one step removed from the merchant with the midget stock of crooked nails, rusty screws, broken door knobs and empty cigarette tins. The way of the northern Chinese in the south is a thorny one for in striking a bargain the southern brother wins every time.

Not that all is haggling and brow-beating. The brush man probably finds life rather pleasant, with a passingly cordial hospitality and many cups of tea. It is not always a question of price; almost any man or woman in South China will stop in the middle of most absorbing negotiations and propose that a coin be tossed to determine whether he or she will pay double or get the brush for nothing.



THE ESTABLISHING OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM AMONG ALL NATIONS

What Does a Chapel Cost?



ONSTRUCTION costs vary greatly in the different Maryknoll fields. What would come to a thousand dollars in South China would call for double that amount in Korea, almost double in Manchukuo, three times the thousand in Japan.

A village chapel for a non-resident station, large enough to accommodate two or three hundred faithful, can be built of mud for \$500 gold (as the expression is in China, to distinguish American from Chinese dollars). The mud is adobe brick such as was used for the Spanish mission chapels in our American southwest, or packed mud carried directly from the clay deposits to the wall forms. Ordinarily, the walls are left in their natural yellow; but if funds permit, a coat of lime is applied. All is then a brilliant white.

This same type of chapel in fired brick will cost \$1,000 in the south or two to three thousand in our northern fields. A central residence chapel costs



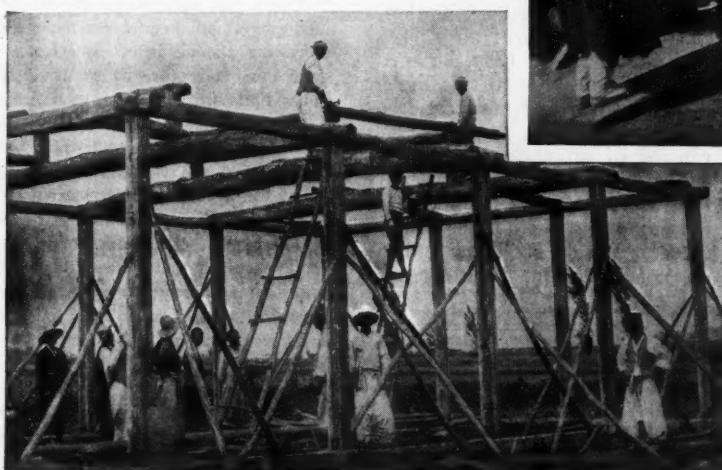
from \$2,000 to \$5,000; and churches for the larger established Christianities approach ten, fifteen, and twenty-five

thousand dollars. Ordinarily, there is little occasion to mention these in the homeland, since when the need arises

Above: A stone chapel in Korea, gift of an American priest. Cost, \$1,500.

Right: Every building lot—even chapel building lot—is a place for children to play.

Below: A timber, mud-plaster chapel. Cost, \$500.



the local Catholics have become sufficiently numerous to bear a part of the cost themselves. Thus in Kaying, Bishop Ford plans constructing a large church, and a substantial portion of the funds is coming from his flock.

In the cities of Japan, land is almost as expensive as in America, which means a much heavier outlay for the typical chapel. Hence to the question, "What does a chapel cost?" we answer, "From \$500 to \$10,000, according to its size and location."

DEPENDS ON THE ACTIVE COOPERATION OF EVERY CATHOLIC.

THE FIELD AFAR.

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



THE charity of God is the motive that takes the missioner to the Orient, but the love of men promptly reinforces it to keep him there, as he finds himself increasingly drawn and constrained by the natural ties of a warm humanity that encircle and enmesh him as with hoops of steel. The jumbled panorama of massed hordes of people that first assails his senses is for a time quite bewildering, but the kaleidoscope presently breaks up into separate pictures that limn his mind and grip his soul, and soon he distinguishes patient farmers laboriously wresting the barest of livings from the soil in a simple and smiling content, sees cheerful coolies nonchalantly bustling about their unending labor, watches solicitous mothers and anxious wives praying their hearts out at the wayside shrines, listens to ardent young students saving their country, plays with the lovely children by the lotus ponds. More, he enters their homes, sits on their rude stools, samples their frugal fare, learns their interests, hears their troubles, knows their needs, shares their lives, becomes a part of their world. And then a day comes when they share his life and become a part of his world, as he pours the saving water that initiates them into a higher life and makes them heirs of another world—and he is the father with his flock. It is true that he finds the

country itself attractive. Not without reason have China's poets celebrated the purling streams lined with feathery bamboo, the billowing expanse of golden grain ready for the sickle, the fairy lights of the Lantern Feast in the radiance of the harvest moon. But it is the people who win his heart with their qualities. It is the long-suffering endurance, the unsophisticated simplicity, the unconscious naturalness, the little ambitions, the human aspirations, the saving humor, the great good will with it all. It is humanity, and a humanity that needs and claims and reaches for its fulfillment by the divine. He will stay and give it to them. And he will give his life to do it, as he would indeed be willing to give a thousand lives. They are his people. They have drawn him by the cords of Adam, by the bands of love.



THREE score and ten is a common allotment of years for men of useful lives and vigorous frame, and this February would have filled out that span for the regretted father of Maryknoll, had his life been continued on earth instead of being transmuted to heaven. In any case the occasion would have met with little observance other than a few whispered prayers, for he did not favor piling up trivial celebrations. Born on the feast of an Apostle (St. Matthias) in 1867, he spent the sixty-nine years of his life in doing the work of an apostle before he was taken to receive the reward of an apostle. Was he chosen to lead the way to an apostolic America? Will time reveal the increasing significance of this career? We do not know and we do not speculate. But we remember.

**The Holy Father's Mission
Intention for February, 1938**

That the sixty million UNTOUCHABLES of India may be led to Christ by Christian charity.

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

A MONG roles that a nation may aspire to play is that of being a great missionary country. Lasting niches in world history are not carved out by selling colored beads to the Indians nor by supplying the Orient with sewing machines. Tyrian dye once held the lanes of trade, while the Damascus blade, Venetian glass, and Manchester cotton have also gone around the world only to leave it pretty much as they found it. The countries that shape the real life of the world are the exporters of ideals—together with idealists to embody them. Ireland left its mark on Europe merely by sending it saints. Spain and Portugal knew their heyday when their galleons were on the seven seas carrying the Faith across the globe. France hopes to be judged by its export of missionaries. Belgium and Holland find their greatness today in projecting themselves far beyond their own tiny borders by the peaceful penetration of the Cross.

If we do nothing but sell goods to people, they will remember us only for a century or two. But the transfer of the gift of faith puts the very deepest imprint on both them and us for the duration of this world and of eternity.

**Our Rising Tide
of Missions**

AMERICA has a missionary tradition. In the hearts of the first immigrants and their pioneering priests there was the vision of America as a great mission venture which would end in a Catholic continent. Succeeding generations clung to the objective, but it waxed and waned as our own problems engrossed our attention. We had many things to do before converting America. One of them was to re-convert ourselves. We came so fast and scattered so far that we were kept quite busy looking after each other. Yet we never lost the vision. Spasmodic efforts were attempted here and there in the way of missionary advance. Some converts were made in every age. But apostolic men in every period sounded calls and invitations to greater efforts, and presently indeed these calls began

to assume the character of a lament for lost opportunities. Meanwhile, respectability failed to keep America respectable, and the country was being allowed to settle more and more into its secular and semi-pagan groove, apparently unaffected by the small influence we were able to exert. Yet our people were becoming strong, and God was biding His time. Organized effort was on the horizon. The Paulist Fathers were formed with the avowed aim of converting America, and the movement gave impetus to apostolic work all along the line. Other congregations for mission work both at home and abroad eventually took the field. One of them was Maryknoll, and it was significant that the Paulist Fathers individually and collectively were among the most ardent supporters of this venture, seeing in it a barometer of the mission spirit that America needed, and knowing that the expansion of charity involved in such a project would react favorably upon the work at home.

At the present day, there is a mission zeal spreading through the American Church that only needs to be utilized and directed in order to accomplish much towards the realization of this mission. There are signs of this on every hand, and perhaps none more interesting than those emanating from the seminaries that are training our future priests. To cite an example, one mission venture in this category is the Father Olier Guild organized and operated by the Spiritual Director and the students of St. Joseph's Seminary in New York. This project consists of a downtown mission that distributes clothes and secures jobs for the needy of every description. The necessary follow-up work is done by the seminarians in their spare time without interfering with the seminary curriculum. The little effort is not only giving a mission direction to the seminary training, but is in itself a demonstration of mission zeal that has the very finest propaganda effect among all who have observed it.

Another very successful effort is being put on by the students of Kenrick Seminary in St. Louis under the direction of one of the seminary professors. They operate a motor mission, and also a correspondence course in religion. Un-



"Pray and Work for Conversions"

Saint Bernadette to whom the Immaculate Conception, Patroness of America, gave the mission message at Lourdes.

der the guidance of the director, certain of the seminarians spend their summers circulating through the towns and villages of Missouri, where they give lec-

tures on the Church to people who scarcely ever heard of it before. They stirred up so much interest and elicited so many inquiries that they were soon obliged to develop a system of instruction by mail as a follow-up. This correspondence course consists of an easily graded set of instructions in Catholic doctrine, together with certain little carefully devised tests that hold and increase interest. The tests are filled by mail, and the correspondence involved is handled by the seminarians as a work of zeal in their free time. The course has had a real success, and people in those rural districts are beginning to clamor for it. The originator of it reports on it as follows: "The Catholic Correspondence Course is a work which offers many possibilities. It is an experiment which has long since overshadowed the problems and worries which accompanied its inauguration. It is an undertaking before which lie vast fields, but fields rich with souls—those living in rural districts. It can go also to uninstructed Catholics, those attending high schools and colleges, the sick in hospitals, the invalids in asylums, the prisoners in penitentiaries, to anybody anywhere. Above all, it works. It appeals and it instructs."

The mission tide is rising, and this is no surprise to those who have sensed the real temper of the Church in America. Was it ever to be supposed that our people could be introduced to such a great mission opportunity without embracing it? Divine Providence sent us here for some purpose. What was it? On the surface we crossed the sea to seek bread and circuses like the rest, but our deeper quest was to find souls, and among them our own. For wherever we go, we remain what we primarily are and that is a people on the way to God, with a faith and philosophy that keep ever uppermost the interests and the plans of God. We could never live by bread alone, unless we could spread around us every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. We could not be content with our godly pastures unless we could share them with the other sheep. "And therefore He hath scattered you among the nations that you may declare His wonderful works." (Tobias xiii, 4)

As Seen Along a Manchu Roadway

A Knoller of the Northlands pens his thoughts as he rides the plains.



S I passed through the countryside recently, I came on a military guard, a simple soldier, with a bird in a cage tied to a limb near his post of duty. This epitomizes very nicely a note which I find in things as I travel these Manchu roadways. Life is gaunt here, often tragic, but there is a touch of simple beauty in it that is deeply compelling.

The Chinese, and the Japanese and Koreans as well—for all meet here—suffer and struggle unendingly, but they cling to their flowers and their birds, they find loveliness in their hills and dales, their mountains and plains. They delight to bask in the sun, to watch the evening glow, to smell the fragrance of their crops and of the good earth.

And thus we should understand the Orient. It is not a matter of the quaintness of the dress or the queerness of the kowtow, but the sweetness and delicacy of the courtesy, the nobility and humility and sincerity of so many lives, the mutual devotion of the parents and the children, the sorrows and the laughter, the burdens and the victories which mark each day and week and year.

Into this must be injected Christianity.

China is not a land of dreams—far from it. When the rains come and all except the few modern city highways are a sea of mud, through which mules and oxen struggle snortingly and men like pack animals stagger under their loads, there seems little of the stuff of dreams about. In the odorous markets and bazaars and in the chill and damp shops where boys and young men and old men labor eternally making shoes or repairing vessels or selling their

goods—even attractive goods, such as birds or goldfish—one is prompted to think only of earthly things.

But we who abide here come to know that there is much poetry behind the stolid faces, much of that true poetry which sees beyond the mud and chill and feels exquisitely what is perceived. More Chinese than most of us suspect possess this gift. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, sunlight, moonlight, water, trees, mountains, sky, all speak to them.

It is autumn here now. The colors have been rich and brilliant, but it is late and little is left but grays and purples. The lights are pale, the wind moans, and the air has a sting in it. It is a time that bids reflection, that is tinged with melancholy, that stirs hard resignation.

And how interesting it is that a Chinese poet, Hsin Ch'ichi, found such significance in these days when the year fades:





Top: A main street in Manchukuo.

Extreme left: The goldfish peddler.

Left: A Manchu trickster can always draw a crowd on the roadside.

Below: A shoemaker. Looks as if he borrowed the butcher's tools.



"In my young days,
I had tasted only gladness,
But loved to mount the top floor,
But loved to mount the top floor,
To write a song pretending sadness.

"And now I've tasted
Sorrow's flavors, bitter and sour,
And can't find a word,
And can't find a word,
But merely say, 'What a gold autumn
hour!'"

Maryknoll Fields in South China

KONGMOON

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennelly, J. Sweeney and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North and J. Smith, of N. Y.; Fr. C. Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R. I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; and Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, So. China

KAYING

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattery, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address: Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

WUCHOW

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 30,000 square miles in area, the size of Maine. Population 5,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Frs. Glass and V. Walsh, of Ia.; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilligan, Keelan, Lacroix, Langley, Mulcahy, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin, Romaniello and Schulz, of N. Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gilloegly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

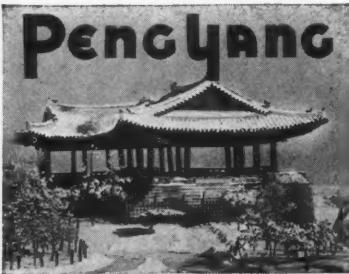
Central address: Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China

Monthly Forum of the

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 158 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in six territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. These are:

1. Vicariate of Kongmoon;
2. Vicariate of Kaying;
3. Prefecture of Wuchow (all three in South China);
4. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo;
5. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea;
6. Prefecture of Kyoto in Japan.

These six territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain



"Our Lady of Lourdes, Pray for Him"—

It takes only a second or two to say it. Offered by each FIELD AFAR reader on February 11 (feast of Our Lady of Lourdes), in behalf of Father Borer's guest, we dare hope that Our Lady shall find the plea irresistible:

"The principal of the government school (Japanese) and one of the teachers (Korean) paid us a social call. Kim Joseph helped to entertain, and did well in answering questions of the Korean teacher who had evidently studied history compiled from Protestant sources. When leaving, the principal took with him a copy of the *Following of Christ* and a volume on Lourdes. The ascetic and devotional often succeed better in their appeal to the will, than the simple appeal of truth does to the intellect."

A Devilish Mistake—

A spark of Divine Humor must have lighted the path that led this couple to Father Borer:

"A young man from the Ki Ri district called with his mother. After

the usual greetings, his gaze fell upon one of our colorful murals, a large bat-winged devil brooding over a hell filled with lesser devils and their victims. The young man's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets when he saw the devil, for it was he who had in a sense brought him to the Church. The young man's mother was obsessed by the devil and he brought her to the Church hoping to obtain some relief for her.

"As, up to this time, neither the young man nor his mother knew anything about the Church, the devil was guilty of a characteristic mistake in sending us two prospective converts. We gave the young man a catechism, and he returned home. The mother stayed at the home of the woman catechist for a few days."

Homesick for Heaven—

It would seem that the people of Korea are especially dear to the Holy Child, so many are brought to His service through little ones like Himself. Father Connors recently found one such youthful apostle in their midst:

"The twelve year old daughter of a Buddhist was dying. The child, who had heard of the Faith through the wife of our Catholic magazine editor, begged her mother and father for permission to be baptized. 'I want to be baptized and go to the home of Jesus.' That day both wishes were granted, she was baptized and died."

"The mother is learning the prayers and doctrine in preparation for Baptism."

IT IS THE PLODDING MISSIONER, THE WORLD FORGETTING

Maryknoll Missioners

20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New England. They include 56,675 Catholics, of whom 7,413 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.



Boys That Buoy the Mission—

It was just such a "boy" as Father Hewitt describes who was captured with Father Clarence Burns a year ago. Although a seminarian was captured with Father Gerard Donovan, last October, he was released a few days later, and thus Father has no such loyal companion to share his misfortunes.

"Just a word about my 'boy,'" writes Father Hewitt. "He is thirty-three years old. When he finishes his household duties—which include bed making, floor sweeping, table setting and serving—he gives me a lesson in the language. He knows all that goes on in the parish, acts as 'go-between' when there is trouble, and is consulted on all important matters. In brief, he is a combination of the steward in the Gospel and the busy sexton found in some parishes in America."

The Convert Apostle—

The quaint little village of Tung She lies to the east of the Fushun central mission. It is considered one of our most important out-stations. Brother Benedict relates a bit of its history:

"Many years ago, the village was in-

cluded in the Mukden mission field, but little or no Catholic life survived after the Boxer Rebellion.

"It seems that God was biding His time, for less than three years ago, a young man of the village took instructions here at Fushun. In due course, he was baptized. Eager to have others share in the blessings he had received, he interested himself in the conversion of his relatives and friends at Tung She. Father Weis was invited to visit the village and he was pleasantly surprised to find many already studying the doctrine and longing for Baptism. The start made by the young man and continued by Father Weis has borne fruit. At present, we have more than 160 baptized Catholics at Tung She, and a fair number under instruction."

The Big Moment—

In a child's life it is sometimes conceded to be those sixty seconds when he or she crosses the platform to receive from one of exalted rank, a rolled, be-ribboned certificate, attesting to examinations safely passed—after years of study, or hours of cramming, as the case may be.

Graduates of the Maryknoll Academy in Dairen, recently, enjoyed such an experience when the school held its first Commencement Exercises. No fewer than a thousand people were in the audience, including 300 Japanese girls from the local high schools. Father Ryan, pastor of the Dairen Japanese Church acted as chairman, while Msgr. Lane gave a talk on Christian Principles of Education and presented the diplomas. Other speakers were representatives of

Maryknoll in Japan Korea and Manchukuo

PENG YANG

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coxen, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

FUSHUN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselebrach, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell, Ziembra and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. G. Donovan, Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

KYOTO

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesfug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
St. Francis Xavier's Church,
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

AND BY THE WORLD FORGOT, WHO WILL SAVE THE WORLD.

Government officials who spoke in appreciative terms of the high scholastic standing of the school.

A Challenge—

Our Fushun-ists have discovered that in Ruanda, Belgian Congo, Africa, there is one of the most successful missions in the world, and its Vicar Apostolic, Msgr. Gorjut, gives them this explanation:

"Our success comes from: the sacrifices of students of the Ladies of Mary in Brussels; from the Matins of pious nuns, the Benedictines of Lyons, who at night while the apostles sleep watch lest the wicked sow bad seeds. I know a young person who has suffered martyrdom for six years for the conversion of Busica. All this explains well our success here. The mother of two of our confrères, before dying, endured for six months the most severe suffering without complaint for the stations where her sons were struggling. I received from Madrid, from the Diocesan Spiritual Bank, a check guaranteeing nine million prayers, good works and sacrifices of every nature for the mission. Our missionaries are over there in Europe, in the land of the Little Flower and of Ruybroek. What a humiliation for us tinkling cymbals and what a subject for invincible confidence!"

Will Americans do as much for their missionaries?



Scene From the Convent Window—

How long ere *Le Bon Dieu* dethrones *O Bon*—in the hearts of these beauty-loving Japanese?

"Looking out on the Lake, we saw throngs of people gathered at the wharf. At the edge of the water was a large boat, decorated with colored lights which gave it the contour of a huge swan. Other lights appeared on the wa-

I, a missionary priest or nun! Why not? Think it over.

ter all around the boat, and as our eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, we could see that men in little rowboats were lighting hundreds of lanterns and setting them afloat upon the water. These gradually drifted out on the open lake and made a beautiful scene. We later learned that the ceremony is called 'Opening of the River,' and takes place on the Buddhist festival of 'O Bon.'

"When the large boat was crowded to capacity it sailed away. We could hear music and laughter until it was out of sight. In the meantime, the little lanterns gradually drifted far out on the water, and the lake became dotted with lights as far as we could see. The following day, we rescued one of the lanterns and learned that a prayer and the name of a deceased person were inscribed on each—the idea being to light the way for the soul of the person whose name is on the lantern."

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

clan had gathered, some lining up in defense of the Christian, and others favoring his fraternal opponent.

"The shouting grew louder, and when we finally succeeded in quieting the Christian element, the catechist took it upon himself to instruct the malcontent. As we dozed off to sleep to the drone of the patient and intelligent exposition of Catholic doctrine, we wondered what would be the effect upon the listener. The immediate result, at least, was satisfactory, for we were able to say Mass the following morning in the ting, unmolested."



Calumny Checked—

Slander's damage is not easily overlooked in Watlam, but Father Sprinkle is pleased with the speedy repair job:

"A few months ago, I had the joy of baptizing an entire village. The mission there was opened by Father Patrick J. Donnelly before he left for Taiwan. The transformation which gradually took place in the hearts of these people was wonderful. At first, they were shy and even fearful; but gradually, they became convinced that we were not there to steal their homes and land.

"When one old man became sick and died, he was given a Catholic burial. The ritual greatly impressed the mourners and did much to strengthen their faith. On that occasion, a non-Christian made some slanderous remarks about our ceremonies. However, the village elders made him retract, publicly, hence not much harm was done."

That Playful Wind—

Following the Maryknoll trail, China's worst typhoon corners two more members of the family, Fathers Cuneen and McLoughlin:

"When leaving Wuchow, we heard



Ting-a-Ling—

In lieu of a chapel, Bishop Paschang chooses a ting (the open front room of a Chinese house) for the celebration of Mass:

"The house in which I stopped that night belonged jointly to two brothers, the one a Christian, and the other a non-Christian. The latter objected, almost violently, when it was proposed that the ting should be used for the celebration of Mass the following morning. Brother Christian argued that since Brother non-Christian used the ting freely for idol-worship, it was only fair that he (Brother Christian), part owner, should authorize its use for worship according to his belief. By this time, various members of the

SEND A VALENTINE TO THE

that the typhoon signal was up in Hong Kong, our destination. But we continued on, hoping it would step aside to let us pass. At the most, we expected no more than a friendly pat or two. That typhoons are not so amicable, we agreed, when this one struck us head on, with no gentle caressing touch. The mate let down both anchors; one snapped and carried with it 70 fathoms of chain as though it were a piece of string. Thereupon, we ran aground on a rice paddy, and laughed at the gale. We paid a high price for our merriment, for if there is one thing that a typhoon resents, it is being laughed at. This grouchy old fellow retaliated by sweeping away our mast, and trying his best to kill our radio operator. For the next eight hours, we were stranded on the mud-bank, not daring even to smile. Our prayers for a happy landing in Hong Kong were finally answered."

Chefs in the Making—

In behalf of ill-fed missioners, a course in the culinary arts is now open to those who prepare the priests' meals. Monsignor Meyer strongly recommends it:

"The seminary at Tanchuk is conducting a cooking school. No, the seminary has not changed its purpose; its 50 boys are still being formed in heart, mind and body, to become future apostles. But our 'master cook' has invited the pastors in the prefecture to send young men here to learn his secrets. Already, several of these trained chefs have returned to their respective districts, there to nourish the bodies and quiet the nerves of the missioners with rare dishes and delightful concoctions—be the ingredients ever so humble."



All In His Stride—

What if the missioner does miss a train or a boat, the King's business is

always at hand to fill the waiting moments, as Father James A. McCormick finds in his jaunts about the country:

"After saying Mass at 3 A.M., I hiked thirteen miles to the river—just in time to wave farewell to the boat that was to have carried me back to Sam Ho.

"Since the next boat was not due for many hours, I crossed the river to Kung Chow to visit a sick pagan. The man claims that he is dying by inches, and that he is now dead from his feet up to within a few inches of his heart. When the malady reaches that organ he will die and go to the Buddhist hell. He seems eager to be gone and spends all his time thinking and writing verses on how he will spend his time there.

"His family are in great distress over his condition. If he is cured, they promise to investigate further the claims of the Church—but the man doesn't want to be cured!"

The Familiar Cry—

"Go for the priest," begged a dying woman of her son, when she realized that her sudden illness must prove fatal. But it so happened that the priest, Father Maynard Murphy, was away on retreat.

"When the young man found that there was no priest at the church, he did not think to leave a message. The mother waited two or three days longer, and again begged for the priest; but her son, who was an opium addict, was so weakened by the drug that he was unable to walk the long distance to the mission a second time. To his mother's repeated requests for the priest, he replied that the priest had not yet returned. Finally, this poor woman, who had been without food for over a week, lost consciousness. But first she told her son: 'It doesn't matter whether you go or not; I've tried to do my duty and to be a good Christian; I'll have the priest before I die.' She had been in this coma nine days before I heard, accidentally, of her condition. I anointed her about five in the afternoon; she was dead before seven."

The Missioner's Cross

Annual Needs:

Salary for a catechist.....	\$180
Education of a native seminarian.....	\$100
Support of a native priest.....	\$200
Care of the aged, the blind, the orphan	\$50

MARYKNOLL IN MANILA

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. A. Fletcher, of Fall River, Mass.; Frs. A. Hannon and J. R. Hughes, of N. Y.
Address: St. Rita's Hall, Taft Ave., Manila.

Manila Quakes—

We'll take a retreat, please, despite the spiritual possibilities of the earth tremors experienced by our Sisters at St. Paul's Hospital:

"The big quake lasted four and a half minutes, which seemed like an eternity. The building shook and rocked like a boat in a storm, and we wondered just how long it would be before it collapsed entirely. The plaster fell from the ceilings and walls, and the furniture broke. Two large oxygen tanks in the operating room were thrown down, cutting a large hole in the flooring.

"We remarked later, that an earthquake does the work of a retreat in a few minutes: when you kneel awaiting death momentarily, renunciation becomes complete."

MARYKNOLL AMONG OUR JAPANESE

THE MISSIONERS, Los Angeles:

Fr. Lavery, of Conn.; Fr. Swift, of Md.; Bros. Paul and Theophane, of Mass.; Bro. Gregory, of N. Y.; Bro. Ambrose, of Holland.
Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 426 So. Boyle Ave.

THE MISSIONERS, Seattle:

Fr. Tibesar, of Ill.; Fr. Joyce and Bro. Adrian, of Mass.; Bro. Charles, of N. Y.; Bro. Mark, of Toronto.
Address: Maryknoll Fathers, 1603 E. Jefferson St.

The Pastor Plans—

Blue prints are Father Hugh Lavery's favorite reading matter these days. They intrigue him far more than the choice book of the month, as he plans the new chapel for Japanese in Los Angeles.

At present, church services are held in the auditorium of the parish school, but the increasing number of converts has made a separate building necessary. The Catholic Japanese have contributed a substantial portion of its cost.



WHOMO are the Maryknoll Brothers? Answer: The most paged persons of every Maryknoll house, recipients of every S.O.S. Their official title, "The

Auxiliary Brothers of St. Michael," seems to fit like a glove. For the litany of emergency or routine in each establishment seems to have but one refrain,

Left: One of the Los Angeles Brothers oils up the chariot—the school bus.

Below: Brother Louis at San Juan Mission in California meets an old friend of yesteryear, Leo Carrillo of stage and screen.

Knoll Notes

"Tell Brother"

It's cold in the chapel—"Tell Brother." The lights in the study hall have burned out—"Tell Brother." There's a window broken—"Tell Brother." These walls need painting—"Tell Brother." The grass needs mowing—"Tell Brother." The garden needs weeding—"Tell Brother." It's raining—"Tell—" sorry but Brother can't dry up the clouds or turn on the sun. After all, there is a limit.

Who are the Maryknoll Brothers?

We were poring over some old volumes of THE FIELD AFAR recently and we came upon a few paragraphs written in 1913 which seem to apply quite as aptly now as they did in those bygone days when Maryknoll Brothers were almost non-existent.

"It is our hope," says THE FIELD AFAR of 25 years ago, "to attract gradually a sufficient number of men, pref-



IF YOU CANNOT GIVE YOURSELF TO THE MISSION CAUSE, DO

erably young, and at least fairly well educated, who, though not destined to the priesthood, will render valuable service either here at Maryknoll or later as catechists and companions to priests on the missions.

"We shall be especially pleased if we can get representatives of different trades and of some professions. We now have a master of horticulture, a printer and a clerical worker. In time we could find use for a doctor, a dentist, an electrician, a chauffeur, a wood-worker, a plumber, and a practical farmer."



Speaking of the Orient, we find a baker's dozen of Brothers in the missions of the East, carrying on overseas as their fellows do in this country. In South China there is Brother Albert and in Korea there is Brother William, both of whom as master builders have



Left: Brother Theophane, scout master of the Japanese troop in Los Angeles.

Above: Brother Gabriel who taps the keys at Bedford.

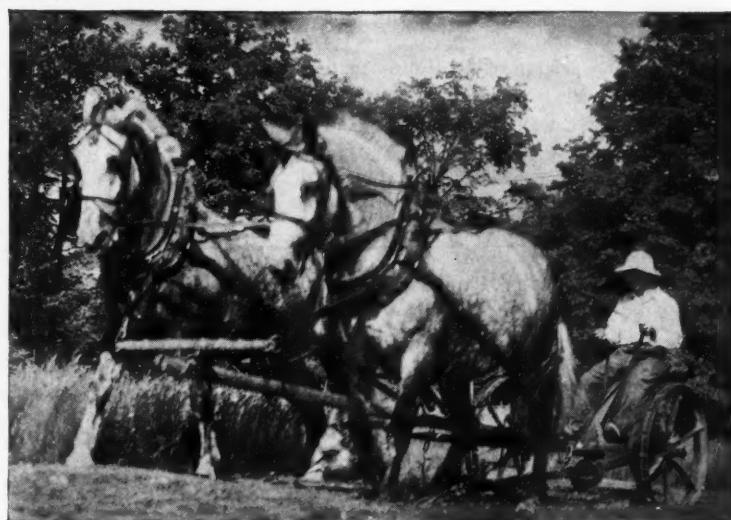
Upper right: (left to right) Brother Thaddeus—now in Japan, Brothers Philip and Jorges at Maryknoll in San Francisco.

Below: Brother Kevin who sows and reaps many harvests at the Home Knoll.



saved enormous sums for the missionaries. There are excellent secretaries and there are those whom opportunity permits to engage in direct mission work.

"The Brothers are one of our paradoxes," writes another Maryknoller. "*Proverbs* says, 'He that followeth idleness shall be filled with poverty.' And here are our Brothers filled with poverty and yet they are hustling from dawn until dark! But as a matter of fact they are not filled with poverty; they are rich in true riches, which bring blessings to Maryknoll and to themselves."



At the Maryknoll Center there is today a band of twenty-five snugly ensconced in what is now called Rosary House but which in the early years was the main seminary building. At the Maryknoll Preparatory College, Clarks Summit, Penna., a second corps is continually in action. "The work they accomplish seems little short of Herculean," writes one of their admirers.

A dozen or so of the Brothers have secretarial work in our various houses, helping the rectors and keeping in touch with our friends.

From the Student Novitiate at Bedford, Mass., comes a sentiment that is typical. "These men play a real part in the march of young clerics through the Maryknoll Novitiate, indeed, in the flowing of the baptismal waters in the Orient."

The Bounty Page



Dear Maryknoll Friends,

Orchids to Maryknoll! The postman must have thought this frequently during last Advent, for many of our friends made use of the orchid envelope we sent them to remember us at Christmas. But the enclosures were not for orchids. Each dollar will serve to buy food and to supply other needs for the support of a missioner for one day. Heartfelt thanks to all who found it possible to help us.

Special thanks to the many who were able to send us the names of acquaintances as prospective new friends for the Knoll. Such a good turn is so easy and yet is weighted with such possibilities. More than ever before, this Christmas brought us new champions of our laborers overseas.

This Christmas was not a happy one for many lovers of Maryknoll, out of work and hard pressed by the times. We are the more grateful, therefore, for the touching thoughtfulness of great numbers who sent us gifts at great sacrifice.

The priests of St. Louis made up a purse for a native son consecrated bishop in South China—Bishop Adolph Paschang. It was one more evidence of the warm spot for Maryknoll in the hearts of St. Louisians.

The Maryknoll Fathers

The Charity Dime Cards

FRIENDS seem to like them. Human misery pulls at the heart strings, and when relief of bodily wretchedness opens the door to spiritual good the prospect draws us irresistibly.

"I think the new dime cards for Maryknoll Charities are most fascinating," writes a woman in Washington State. "If you will send me five, I shall

try to get them filled each month by my friends."

"If you will please send me a Charity Dime Card," says a friend in Massa-

For Maryknoll Want Ads see Inside Back Cover.

Someone there wants to be your Valentine.

WORK HARD, WORK WELL, NOT TO GET PRAISE, OR HONOR, OR

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

The Month's Prize Letter

"Dear Bishop Walsh,

"Some time ago, I had the pleasure of meeting one of the Maryknoll Fathers, and in our conversation I mentioned that I contemplated placing with the Society some money in the form of an annuity.

"I thought seriously of doing this until today, when a copy of THE FIELD AFAR came into my possession. Reading the 'Want Ads' the first Ad caught my eye immediately—"Wanted: \$400 for chapel for Chiuling, Vicariate of Kaying, South China."

"This latter appeals to me as the better thing to do, and so I am most happy to enclose my check for four hundred dollars (\$400.00) for this chapel.

"I am most pleased to do this in thanksgiving for all the good things I have received from the Lord through the years.

"May God bless the wonderful work Maryknoll is doing for Him in the mission fields."

F.V.C.—Mass.

chusetts, "I shall try to fill it and send you the contents every month. I am struck by the wonderful work the Maryknoll Missioners are doing in the Far East and would like to help."

The Will to Will

WE have further proof that many possess the will to put us in their wills. We have legacies this month which start at Massachusetts and go to New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, then to the District of Columbia, and finally to California.

PREPARATORY SEMINARY BURSES

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE..... 4,802.00

Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	4,525.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,447.45
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,001.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	430.00
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	114.00

MAJOR SEMINARY BURSES

MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE...	4,630.85
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	4,286.45
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse.....	4,200.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse.....	4,950.00
Mary Dunn Memorial Burse.....	3,625.71
St. Michael Burse, No. 1 (Reserved)	3,565.00
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	3,411.70
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,162.44
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,982.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrnes Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,584.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,466.19
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	2,000.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York* (Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.

In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

Lauinger Burse (Reserved).....	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Burse.....	885.00
St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	666.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	643.30
Holy Family Burse.....	583.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Precious Blood Burse (Reserved)	500.00
The Holy Name Burse.....	481.65
St. Jude Burse.....	443.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	271.78
Rev. George M. FitzGerald Burse.....	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse.....	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	115.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07

NATIVE SEMINARY BURSES

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE	1,350.50
Sacred Heart Club Burse.....	1,300.00
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Margaret Mary Memorial Burse (Reserved).....	1,000.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	888.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
Daly Memorial Burse (Reserved).....	700.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse.....	200.00

A Valentine Day Telegram**To the King of Hearts—**

I love You though I am a Knave. I will prove that I am an Ace and a worthy Valentine.

I have a gift for You. I will support one of Your missioners on Valentine Day, that he may win other hearts for You in the Far East.

Signed

The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send me a ten-dime card so that I may support a missioner on Valentine Day.

Please send me cards for friends.

NAME

ADDRESS

PRIZES, BUT BECAUSE YOU WILL THUS PLEASE GOD.—Theophane Venard.

Our World of Missions



LREADY we are talking of another International Eucharistic Congress, this time at Budapest. It takes faith to go on pilgrimages when pilgrimages mean sacrifice. We note that while a few among us go to Lourdes or Lisieux to our congresses out of curiosity or for pleasure, most go through devotion.

Hence, it is thought-provoking to see non-Christians go on pilgrimage. They too must have devotion. In Japan, our Maryknollers witness them frequently, foot-weary, plodding for days toward their shrines. So, likewise, it is in other countries of the East. Moslems are celebrated for their pilgrimages to Mecca—Chinese Moslems crossing Asia, Indians and Africans journeying by boat to Red Sea ports of Arabia, in hundreds of thousands yearly.

Joseph Conrad in "Lord Jim" gives us a powerful picture of some 800 Malay pilgrims streaming in a solid mass aboard the "Patna" at a port of the far-off Dutch Indies, "like water filling a cistern, like water flowing into crevices and crannies, like water rising silently even with the rim."

Part of the task of winning the non-Christian is gauging his state of soul. Great numbers are quite as much in earnest as we are, but possess the wrong object for their earnestness. Our task is to transfer this earnestness to Jesus Christ, to lift it to the level of Our Lord's ideals.

Killed in Action

Most missioners in China live out their days in peace, and those who witness conflict are not often made to suffer physically from it. But into the midst of the 9,000 priests, Brothers and Sisters in China, a strain of violence insinuates itself. In the past twenty years, some fifty and more have been killed in action. Most mission fields are not dangerous at all, and hence, China is among the few that possess a touch of danger.

In recent months, there have been



Father Lebbe, a Belgian priest who renounced his citizenship to be a naturalized Chinese. He is working in the Vicariate of Ankwo in North China under a Chinese Bishop. Father Lebbe has founded two native orders, the Little Brothers of St. John the Baptist and the Teresian Sisters.

several instances of violence. Bishop Schraven and eight priests, ranging in age from 28 to 65—all Vincentians of the Vicariate of Chengtingfu in northern China—have been killed by outlaws.

In Central China, an Italian missioner by hardy daring has succeeded in penetrating to a bandit camp and learning the whereabouts of the remains of a companion, Father Leonardelli, who was done away with by Communist brigands. Poignant details: Father Panizza received directions from the very man who had shot his fellow missioner, and

ALL Maryknoll priests offer their Friday Masses for benefactors. Besides these Masses, benefactors share in the prayers and sacrifices of our students, Brothers and Sisters, and in the prayers of the Christians on the missions.

Our note pages on men and things missionary

he brought Father Leonardelli's remains back to the mission just one year to the day after the leave-taking of the young priest from his family in his home city of Trent.

Finally, in South China, not far from our Kwangsi missioners, a Chinese general, captured by Reds and later freed, tells the story of Father Henry Kellner's death from disease while captive. Father Kellner was a German Missionary of the Sacred Heart, kidnapped in Kweichow Province.

Men Who Go Down to the Sea—

An old friend of Maryknoll (though himself not very old), Father Alphonse Rickert, is engaged at present, under the Bishop of Brooklyn, in erecting quarters in this great city for the Apostleship of the Sea. As missioners, we are deeply interested in his project, for we know, through contact with seamen, the hardships they face.

The problem is not confined to the spiritual welfare of the men themselves. In ports of mission lands, the Catholic sailor does enormous good if he gives good example. He avoids enormous harm if he speaks for Christianity and not against it. The Communists know the value of sailors and have linked them in a world-wide network for spreading literature and carrying the Communist message.

The Apostleship of the Sea represents a Catholic network of chaplains and centers in 280 ports of the globe. Cardinal Pizzardo expressed the mind of Rome on this subject, recently: "May God grant that . . . instead of being exploited by the agents of evil or by Communists, our Catholic sailors may be preserved for the service of God, of their country, and of their families."

Our Southern Connection—

Recently, we came upon a little book on the South by a Protestant minister, a Rev. Mr. White, who gives his work the title "Highland Heritage." We are not discussing everything in it, but there are passages in this study of the mountain folk that could have come from a Maryknoller's Oriental diary, so

similar are the incidents and the human nature described. Other passages read like paragraphs from the book, "Father Price of Maryknoll."

Father Price was known and loved throughout North Carolina. The author of "Highland Heritage" says: "If you are friendly and 'common,' that is, just folks, you will be welcomed at almost any house along the road." This describes Father Price. Even non-Catholics and persons of no religion were devoted to him as to their best friend. No Maryknoller ever hears mention of our Southern mountaineers without recalling that the first Catholic priestly apostle to the people of his native North Carolina was one of Maryknoll's two co-founders. A rugged horse-and-buggy trail in the South was one of the first tracks beaten to the future Maryknoll's door; in North Carolina, Maryknoll, still unrealized, made its silent postulate in preparation for a world-wide mission. *All roads lead to Rome*, a North Carolina bypath included.

Books such as "Highland Heritage" fill us with a nostalgia keenly reminiscent of a brave, cheerful, amiable pioneer apostle with *Nancy Hanks* for his only *disciple*—a raw-boned horse who helped to beat the trail for souls. Some of Rev. Mr. White's statements echo Father Price's view of the South:

"It is not easy to say what life is like in the mountains today . . . But there is still much land beyond, where travel goes by jolt wagon, and huge sections where one must walk or ride horseback or muleback, the horseback country."

"The mountain folk are not a different kind of people. They are simply folk of the old American stock who were shut off from the rest of the country in pioneer days and have had to live in pioneer conditions ever since . . . isolation, extremely limited means, retarded educational and cultural development, strangely enough in many parts of the mountains overcrowding, together with a host of related handicaps and problems."

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hayakawa, married at a Nuptial Mass in the Maryknoll chapel in Los Angeles. The bride was Miss Teresa Sasaki, a pioneer pupil and graduate of the Maryknoll School. With the exception of one sister, she is the only Catholic in her family. Mr. Hayakawa was received into the Church the day before the wedding, and made his First Communion at the Nuptial Mass.

"The Making of a Catholic Will"

*This free booklet will be sent you on request. Address:
The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Father Price recognized that in the South the Catholic Church can offer the unity and strength, the wealth of mind and spirit which inadequate re-

ligious sects can never contribute.

All who are devoted to the world apostolate ponder frequently over the importance of home mission work. There lies a great area teeming with possibilities for our live-wire missionary Catholic Action. It is amazing how the primitive Southern mountain districts can exist in a country like our own.



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Maryknoll's Russian School



EVEN years ago, in Dairen, Manchukuo, the Maryknoll Sisters started a little school for children who wished to learn English. Classes began with twenty pupils, in a ramshackle old building. The cold wind blew up through the cracks in the floor, and the little cast-iron stoves had to be stoked to red-hot efficiency before life and lessons were possible throughout the Manchukuoan winter.

Most of the pupils were Russians, children of those exiles who form forlorn little groups up and down the coast of China—families of men who had been officers in the Tsar's army, some of them even yet with a price on their heads, so troublesome have they been to the Soviet Government. The children, blond, blue-eyed, gay and temperamental, had never known the discipline of school and understood no English. So, at the beginning, the Sisters found themselves facing some interesting problems. Ask any respectable teacher how she would like it, for instance, to have a class of lively jumping jacks who wept and laughed, gesticulated and rattled off volumes of Russian speech; who were as likely as not to stand up and shout to someone in the street, right in the middle of class; and who went gaily in and out of school by way of windows instead of doors!

Gradually, the Sisters got the children tamed down; and, more gradually, the process of learning English got under way. But why English, for Russians? The Russians are Caucasians, with Western culture and much the same ideas and ways of living that we Americans have. They do not like to see their children grow up Chinese or Japanese, with no hope of making a living on a Western standard. English is the international language of business. These Russians, who are not Bolsheviks, have no country to return to and no hope of

finding much use for their own language in the Orient, where they are stranded and where they must make their way.

During the past seven years, the little school has grown in spite of many obstacles and difficulties. The first rented building has been exchanged for another, a bit bigger, and the children now

and Chinese hordes that go to make up the population of Manchukuo. Over the front door stands the cross, and part of the school uniform is the insignia of Maryknoll, the Chi-Rho in the circle, meaning "Christ, all over the world." Half a block away, at the hours of worship in the gold-roofed temple, the great bronze bell sounds bong-bong-bong; and the pagan bonzes rub their hands together and pray to the god of Dairen.

But why should Maryknollers work for Russians? One thinks of Maryknoll priests and Sisters as going out for pagan souls, and the Russians are Christians—schismatics indeed, but with a valid priesthood and the Mass and all the sacraments. The Holy Father is deeply concerned about them. Our Mother General was privileged to talk with His Holiness, and he exclaimed over and over, "*Bene! Bene!*" when he learned of our work with these Russian children.

We see these gay and gallant people trying bravely to keep up the high level of old Russian culture amid surroundings which constantly tend to demoralize and debase. We see Russian families crowded into single Chinese rooms. The mud walls may be barren and the surroundings drab, but the Russian occupants have made the little room bright and homelike with handmade drapes and crocheted doilies and spreads; colorful flowers in pots at the window, a picture of the former Tsar on the wall; books, good books, a few of Russia's great authors in the little cupboard, and in the corner hangs a holy ikon of Christ or His Mother, with the light before it perpetually burning.

The little school struggles on in poverty (for many of the children are too poor to pay), with shortage of personnel and little or no equipment. There is no playground, and so crowded are the classrooms that some children have to stand up and move their chairs when



Vladimir, one of Maryknoll's Russian jumping jacks.

number about one hundred and seventy. Among the Russians are a few each of many other nationalities and some of the mixtures often found in an Oriental port city. All learn English, work and play together in English. Around them surges the Orient, the Japanese

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THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS AFFORD AMERICAN GIRLS AN OPPORTUNITY

ever a door is opened. The high school is affiliated with the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., and the graduates are proud to go forth bearing an American certificate from the great University.

There is a harvest of souls, too. Far too often, in pagan countries, the white man loses his own standards and does not acquire those of the Oriental, so that families of fallen-away Catholics are plentiful enough in these port cities. A number of the non-Russian children are found to be of such families. These children are instructed by the Sisters and prepared to receive the sacraments.

Sometimes, a little Bolshevik comes to school. There was the son of a certain Soviet official who sat through catechism class and then explained earnestly to Sister that the story of the Creation was all wrong; he knew, because his mother had told him all about it. There really wasn't any God, you know; in the beginning there were just little things like grains of dust, and they came together, and went round and round, and so the world began.

"But where did the little things come from? Who made them? And what made them begin to go round and round?" asked Sister.

The little Bolshevik began to think. All through the year he listened, and he thought. Then one day, his parents were recalled by the Soviet Government, and the little Bolshevik went back to Russia. Months afterwards, someone

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MARYKNOLL CLOISTER
Maryknoll, N. Y.

in the city received a letter telling of the disaster that had been wrought in

A class of Russians at Maryknoll Academy in Dairen. The Sister teacher describes the children as "blond, blue-eyed, gay and temperamental."

that family. The boy was ruined for Bolshevism because of the time he had spent in the Catholic school!

There are others like him, sweet and wholesome children, in whose souls the poison of unbelief has hardly begun to work. God grant that many a one may be ruined for Bolshevism, and that all of them may think, and think, and think themselves into the Kingdom of God.

Maryknoll Sisters—

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 481 professed Sisters, 54 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 234 Sisters in overseas mission work, 42 are working among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N. Y.*

Pacific Coast: *425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

South China: *Waterloo Road, Kowloon Tong, Hong Kong.*

Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*

Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*

Korea: *257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.*

Japan: *901 Tsukimizaka, Matsumoto, Otsu, Japan.*

Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila.*
Hawaii: *1722 Dole St., Honolulu.*



TO BE APOSTLES—OTHER XAVIERS. HAVE YOU BEEN CALLED?



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



UNSOLICITED COMMENTS on *The Maryknoll Junior*

From Religious:

"THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR is unlike any other child's magazine."—*Visitation Academy, Catonsville, Md.*

"The display of children's magazines attracted newspaper notice, as well as the favorable attention of some eighty persons at the elementary school library section. Your magazine (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) was personally brought to the attention of the section by one of the speakers."—*Marylhurst Normal Library, Oswego, Ore.*

"I am sure all will be pleased to receive THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

which I find one of the finest papers for our children."—*Moderator, Mission Unit, La Salette Academy, Covington, Ky.*

"I know you have been wondering whether I had lost all interest in Maryknoll—well, if I had, the big shipment of JUNIORS started me out of my lethargy. I have a new class at St. Brendan's—Girls!!! (The writer is a scholastic.) We began a program of Catechism . . . and with all the distractions of a new term and new work I forgot the duty to make my class mission-conscious until, of course, the Mission Sunday reminder came up for mention. I planned ways and means and in the middle of it came your JUNIORS. The problems were all solved, and today the reception was enthusiastic. They may not all be converted

into mission apostles but they are all Junior apostles of your Club . . . With a little time the mission apostolate will become a habit. That is what the MARYKNOLL JUNIORS will do . . . I have only 25 in my class this year; but if they are as active as they seem to be, they will make the JUNIOR known outside the school."—*Immaculate Conception Seminary, Montreal, P.Q., Canada.*

"We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the Enrollment Cards which the children filled out and returned to you. Some of them very proudly displayed their first copies of THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR as they entered the classroom yesterday. They are quite interested . . ."—*Our Lady of the Lake School, Verona, N. J.*

From a Young Lady, a "graduated" member of *The Maryknoll Junior Club*, who is now a Maryknoll Pioneer:

"Since it is nearly time for the first issue of THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, I wish to remind you not to forget to continue sending me the little paper. You have no idea the amount of interest those pages hold for one of your ex-members. The news printed on those pages and written in such lovely style is irresistible. The *Junior Jottings* column (Maryknoll Junior members' original contributions of prose and verse, sketches and drawings, titled snapshots, etc.) . . . added delightful amusement to the publication. It is a wonderful opportunity for those who wish to display their artistic and poetic talents."—*M. F. N., Lebanon, Pa.*

For comments from juvenile readers, see Maryknoll Juniors' page, this issue.
THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR is published monthly at Maryknoll, N. Y., from October to May. All boys and girls enrolled as members of Father Chin's Maryknoll Junior Club receive their copies FREE; for all others, the subscription is twenty-five cents for the school year.



FATHER CHIN,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

- Please send sample copies of THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR.
- Please send Maryknoll Junior Enrollment Cards.

Names and addresses:

From:

For effectiveness we prefer to send THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR to individual youngsters; bulk mailing is not encouraged.

SACRIFICE APPEALS TO YOUTH. WHEN THE CAUSE IS THE SUPREME

Mission Books in Review

A History of the Expansion of Christianity, Vol. 1. The First Five Centuries. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. New York: Harper & Bros., 1937. \$3.50.

The present work is the first of six volumes which will project the panorama of mission expansion from the dawn of Christianity to the present day. In dealing with the first five centuries of the Christian era, Doctor Latourette displays ample evidence of his scholarly knowledge of the historical field, as also a fairness and sincerity that are commendable.

In his introduction, Doctor Latourette candidly points out that though an evangelical Protestant he "has been trained in the school of modern history which looks askance at the supernatural and sees in the flow of events simply mechanical and human factors." Ordinarily, this unjustifiable attitude would be bound to leave defects in any work such as this. The supernatural is not to be ruled out as a matter of historical evidence or interpretation merely by the dictum of a writer. It is interesting to note, however, that Dr. Latourette has refused to be held by the unscholarly strictures of his school. In explanation of the phenomenal expansion and growth of Christianity, for example, which is so well portrayed in this volume, the Doctor freely concedes that, "It was because of what Jesus did to his intimates and because of their belief in him and in his death, resurrection and early return that Christianity set out upon its career of conquest."

It is the factual portions of the book which will prove most useful to Catholic scholars desirous of a work summarizing the spread of Christianity. Chapters III, IV, and V describe the course of events during the first 500 years of the Church. Chapter VI is the author's study of the effects of Christianity on its environment, and in Chapter VII he sets forth the effects as he sees them of the environment on Christianity.

It is a pleasure to recommend this unusually fine work, both as a very readable account of the expansion of Christianity and as a helpful general historical survey of the period.

Doctor Latourette, whom we know



Plays for This Month and Next

For St. Francis Xavier's Feast

The Whole Way—A one-act play for male cast. Four copies for \$1.00

One Night in Kyoto—A one-act play for male cast. Four copies for \$1.00

For Greater Glory—A one-act play for boys. Three copies for 50¢

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Our Lady of Lourdes

The Confidante of Mary—A vivid portrayal of the miracle at Lourdes, based on the life of St. Bernadette. Four copies for \$1.00

For St. Patrick's Day

Moonlight in Mallow—A modern Irish play, replete with gayety and music, yet unlike many plays which give an undesirable interpretation of the Irish people. The settings are simple. Three copies for \$1.00

For St. Joseph's Feast

Go to Joseph—Based on an old tradition, this play portrays St. Joseph as the beloved "family man." Four copies for \$1.00

For Passiontide

The Little Family Across the Road—A unique presentation of the Passion theme which closes on a note of joy after the Resurrection. Two copies for \$1.00

For Mission Clubs

Popping the Question—and How? Four copies for \$1.00

A La Masque—Four copies for \$1.00

The Plot Quickens—Four copies for \$1.00

THE
MARYKNOLL PLAY LIBRARY
Maryknoll P.O. New York

at Maryknoll for numerous kindnesses and for pleasant visits, particularly to our house in Rome, has been Professor of Missions and of Oriental History at Yale since 1921. We remember him also for his successful effort to portray Catholic mission work fairly in his *History of Christian Missions in China*.

—G.C.P.

Premieres lecons de theologie missionnaire. By Albert Perbal, O.M.I. Paris: Dillen, 1937. Price, 7.50 francs.

This is an unpretentious little book of 128 pages providing succinctly the theological basis for missions. Father Perbal is a professor of the Missiological Institute of Urban College, Rome, and lecturer of the Catholic University of Paris. His work is published by the Missionary Union of the Clergy in France.

The book provides a brief but excellent statement of the meaty arguments which have gone to make up other studies of this nature. Most Catholics take for granted all that the book contains, but for one who likes to delve to the root of things, the book is helpful in providing the solid foundations on which our world apostolate is grounded.

—J.J.C.

Directorium Theologiam Pastoram Complectens ad usum Missionariorum. By Rev. C. A. Boury, O.M.I., Diocese of Jaffna, Ceylon, India. Printed by the St. Joseph's Catholic Mission Press, Jaffna.

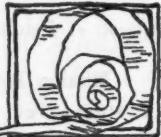
This *Directorium* appears from its context to be meant only for the use of missionaries in India. Based, for the most part, on the Code of Canon Law and the Decrees of Propaganda, it does not include national, regional or local synodal decrees—not even those of India. Without such, the volume can be only of general use to the missionary. An adequate work on Pastoral Theology as applied to the mission field, either for use in foreign mission seminaries, or for the general use of missionaries throughout the world, has yet to be compiled. Despite its manifest merits, this volume suffers in comparison with the work of Fr. Ybanez, of the Chinese missions.

—T.V.K.

ROMANCE, ALL OF YOUTH'S FORCES ASSEMBLE TO ESPOUSE IT.



Maryknoll Juniors



WHAT JUNIOR READERS SAY ABOUT THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR

(*Maryknoll's Monthly for Young Folks*)

"I received THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR. Thank you for sending it to me . . . I enjoy reading the interesting stories. Just for fun, I tried a few of the puzzles and I am sending them to you."—H. H., Somerville, Mass.

"I enjoyed your magazine (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) very much . . . My two sisters who are in high school liked the stories too."—D. D., Gaithersburg, Md.

"I am anxious to get my MARYKNOLL JUNIOR."—E. B., Bellows Falls, Vt.

"As THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR is now open again, would you please send it to me? I have never received it before; but my playmates tell me it's lovely to read."—M. C., Roxbury, Mass.

"Father, will you please send me the booklets of the month (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) as you used to—I would like to read them again."—R. M., San Francisco, Calif.

"I received my MARYKNOLL JUNIOR and enjoyed reading it."—M. M. Y., Detroit, Mich.

"That letter from the Maryknoll Junior Boy Scout in THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR (*Junior Jottings column*) was certainly very fine. A boy from our Catholic troop went too (to the Scout Jamboree in Washington, last summer)."—E. W., Canandaigua, N. Y.

"I am very thankful for all the magazines you sent me . . . I have liked them all."—C. K., Concord, N. H.

"I have received two copies of your MARYKNOLL JUNIOR and my membership card in your organization. I enjoyed very much your last issue (November '37), particularly the puppet show. I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade at St. Martin's School."—M. V. W., Gaithersburg, Md.

"I am writing to let you know that I am so glad to be a member of the Maryknoll Junior Club. Today I received my copy of THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR . . . My family enjoy THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR magazine."—D. F., Ludlow, Mass.

"I like THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR very much."—C. B., Wilmington, Calif.

"We received your mission literature this morning and we thank you very much."—6th, 7th & 8th Grades, Sacred Heart School, Sherwood, Wis.

"Will THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR be sent to me again this year? I have gotten it for two years and I wondered if it would be sent to me this year."—E. H., Midland, Pa.

"In THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR a subscription asked if you had a Maryknoll Junior Songbook to liven up your mission meetings. I would like to have

one for I find THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR an interesting magazine. Please send me one, Father Chin."—B. D. R., Bethlehem, Pa.

"I am writing you this letter because we miss THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR paper. Please send us some more MARYKNOLL JUNIORS."—The Maryknoll Junior Club Members, St. Agnes Hospital, White Plains, N. Y.

"I want to ask you if you will please send me THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR. I was afraid you would forget to send it."—E. G., Bellows Falls, Vt.

"I see in the November issue (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) that you published a puppet show. I think that I will take it to school and have Sister present it to the class. I think they will enjoy it."—L. Y., Concord, N. H.

"I enjoy your little paper (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) very much."—G. L., New Bedford, Mass.

"Have you still got the magazine (THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR) you sent us last year when Sister Mary Agnes taught us in the 5th and 6th Grades? I was wondering whether you could send it to us this year. Sister Mary Mercedes, our teacher, thought that if we could get it we would read out of it . . . If you can send them, please send 47 copies—we liked them very well last year."—M. A. N., Farley, Iowa.

DATE

Dear Father Chin,

I wish to be enrolled for one year in the Maryknoll Junior Club. I expect to receive the Club magazine, THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR, free.

NAME

ADDRESS

SCHOOL AGE

Maryknoll Want Ads

WANTED—20 gifts of \$200 each to support schools in the Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

WANTED—\$2,000 for the erection of a chapel for the Japanese mission in Fushun City, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

WANTED—\$3,000 for the purchase of land and the erection of a rectory at Dosing, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

WANTED—15 gifts of \$100 each for the annual support of novices of the Native Novitiate, Vicariate of Kongmoon, South China.

WANTED—\$5,000 for land and for the erection of a chapel and rectory at Kungcheng, Kweilin sector, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED—\$1,000 for the purchase of land at Mungkong, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED—4 gifts of \$25 per month each to maintain chapels in the Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—\$500 for the erection of a rectory at Wounaukang, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

WANTED—40 gifts of \$15 per month each for the support of catechists in the Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED—\$3,000 for the erection of a chapel at Kokai, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED—2 gifts of \$5,000 each for two chapels for the Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—\$2,000 for the erection of a chapel at Fa Yong, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.



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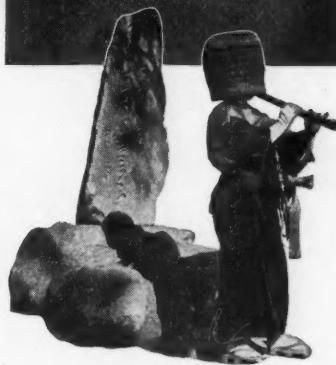
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By Sister Mary Immaculata of Maryknoll

MISSION work is a divine adventure, and a missioner knows best how to describe it in all its beauty and fascination.

The author of "Our Kateri," herself a missioner, has made of this biography a racing story with the 17th century Jesuit missions of North America as background. Kateri's environment—mission life and Indian life—is portrayed authentically.

The publisher, Benziger, has caught the spirit and offers us a book suggesting in its format the Indian *local color* of the subject matter. It is bound in tapa cloth, with pages ivory tinted.

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